Numb. 11.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, April the 12th. 1681.

Jeſt, reading an Epitaph upon *Arbitrary Government*.

Here lies Old Nab,
The Common-wealth Drab,
That with her old Cauſe enſlav'd us.
Great Charles *with a Speech,*
Has damn'd the Old Witch,
And from her clutches has ſav'd us.

Jeſt. Alas poor *Nab*! I thought ſhe would not be long liv'd, after ſhe took the *Habeas Corpus*-Pill; it's as dangerous to her as the Jeſuits Powder in an Ague, which never did any body good but Sir *Ague T.* and they ſay he is relaps'd again, and is in *ſtatu quo*.

Earn. What have you got there, you trade wonderfully in ends of Gold and Silver lace, old Satin, and old Taffaty and Velvet.

Jeſt. Why here's an End as you ſay; a *Cry* quite ſpoil'd, *Arbitrary Government* is cried down.

Earn. I thought there was ſomething in the wind made all the grave heads ſhake ſo lamentably at *Richard* and *Tobi-aſs*'s Coffee-Houſes; I thought they had all got the Palſie, and begun to think it might be the effect of the Mahometan liquor, but I preſently underſtood the Malady ſprung from the Almonds of their Ears being down, which made them whiſper as if they had gotten ſore Throats.

Jeſt. Oh, if that be all, they have Jews Ears plentiful growing upon their Elders, a few of them boil'd, and a Stockin will do the job.

Earn. No pray Sir miſtake not your ſelf, 'tis no ſuch eaſie cure, they have ſome of them been troubled with the Diſeaſe this 40. ſome 30. ſome 20. years, and all the art of man has not been able to do them good.

Jeſt. What is it the Mulligrubs or the Mumps, or are they betwicht?

Earn. Moſt certainly; for ſometimes they will lie as if they were in a trance; and then preſently you ſhall have 'em dancing upon the top of the Houſe, and throwing it out at the Windows; and at other ſeaſons they vomit up Pins, Needles, old ruſty Knives, crooked Nails, and bite and ſcratch, and foam at the mouths, and make a noiſe, enough to fright you out of your wits.

Jeſt. Bleſs us all! I wonder the Prodigy-makers never got this by the end; with good Husbandry they might have made a world of *Mercuries* and *Intelligences* out of it.

Earn. But they get more for holding their tongues and telling lies, which is as good as ſitting ſtill and walking Horſes; why if the People were cured of this Diſeaſe they might e'n go hang themſelves for a Paſtime.

Jeſt. But what is the preſent Grievance?

Earn. Oh they are under a deep affliction, and all in Mourning for the Death of the Lady *Arbitrary*, and make the ſaddeſt Lamentation that ever you heard, becauſe they muſt be governed by *Laws*, and live under *Laws*, and be obedient to *Laws*; all the Ten Perſecutions were but a Flea-biting in compariſon of this *Subjection to Laws*.

Jeſt. Neither well full nor faſting, that's the Diſeaſe; but what ſay the *Tories* as they call them?

Earn. Why they ſay as they uſed to do, *God bleſs the King*; and though they do not agree with *Frank Smith*'s *Vox Populi*, That the Laws make the King; yet they think the Laws make good Subjects, and good Subjects make a great King, and a great King makes *England* happy, and *Englands* happineſs makes *France* quiet; and *France* being quiet, makes *Europe* ſo, and Peace is the mother of Trade and Plenty; and ſuch a company of links they have found in the golden Chain of the *Law*, that I am almoſt of opinion, People will grow wiſe again, and ſit down, and put on their conſidering caps, and keep themſelves well while they are well.

Jeſt. It will be their wiſeſt courſe, for ſeldom comes better. I do not like this chopping and changing, buying and ſelling, and living by the loſs. But pray what is the reaſon of this Diſcontent? they were full of Addreſs but t'other day, againſt Arbitrary Power, and I was ſuch a *Tony* to think, becauſe Governing by Law and Governing Arbitrarily were oppoſite, they who had been againſt one, muſt be for the other: What? they would, and they would not, they would have a mans money for nothing.

Earn. Ay marry would they, they would have no body Arbitrary but themſelves; they are for an Arbitrary Conſcience, Arbitrary Religion, Arbitrary Prayers, and Arbitrary Liberty, and this they ſay would unite Proteſtants.

Jeſt. What if it were made into a Law? I do not believe that with your favour. Well this is very pretty; they would be govern'd by a Law that gives them liberty to do what they pleaſe; they would be governedby the Law of their own wills, and have the King and Government ſubject to this Law.

Earn. That is to ſay, they would have a Law that there ſhould be no Law.

Jeſt. This is juſt like *H. N*'s Frier in *Plato Redivivus*, who had found an Expedient to make the world happy, by interceding with God Almighty to

to pardon the Devil, and give him juſt ſo much power as might enable him to do good, and no hurt, which excellent compariſon, by the way, that Venerable States-man makes uſe of to illuſtrate the preſent State of *England*, which he would have reduced to a *Venetian* Signiory, by taking the Monarchy a peg or two lower.

Earn. I believe he learnt his Divinity and Policy too from the Friers on the Devil, who is clearly for a Co-ordinacy, and an utter Enemy to the abſolute Monarchy of Heaven; he hates your *Jure Divino* men as much as *H. N.* can do for all the guts in his brains: But pray Mr. *Jeſt* what is the matter with our *Anabaptiſt* Intelligencers, they pull in their Horns of late?

Jeſt. Why it is the nature of the Beaſt, your Snail of State, if you touch him, he pulls in his Antlers and ſhrinks into his Caſtle; but if you let him alone he will crawl over the whole Garden, and forrage even upon the faireſt flower in the flock, the *Crown Imperial*. But that is not all, for *H. N*'s Doctor in *Plato Redivivus*, perceiving the Common-wealth to be deep gone in a Conſumption, has among other *Recipes* adviſed Snail-water as a great Reſtaurative, and they ſay there will be ſome People imployed to pick up all the politick Intelligencing and Mercurial Snails which are to be put into a Retort Hermetically luted up, and ſo to be diſtilled *ſecundum artem*. And another projecting Alchymiſt, obſerving the Silver-lace which they leave behind them in their travels, and knowing Mercury to be the mother of metals, he doubts not but to draw an Elixir from them, which will turn any thing into Silver, and recompence his loſſes in hunting for the Philoſophers Stone; ſo that the poor Snails you ſee are under very evil Circumſtances, and 'tis thought in a while they will be very ſcarce, and dear Comodities.

Earn. Their wiſeſt courſe will be to ſaddle *Frank Smith*'s Elephant, and ride Poſt into *Plato*'s Common-wealth, or my Lord *Bacon*'s New *Atlantis*, and take *H. B.* along with them for their guide, who is very skilful in all the Roads of *Entopia*.

Jeſt. But ſuppoſe there ſhould be an Embargo laid upon the Elephant, how then?

Earn. Nay let them look to that, and make Hay while the Sun ſhines.

Jeſt. I perceive you would have them turn flying Snails then, that indeed would be a pretty ſight, ſo you would raiſe them up more Enemies, for the *Greſumamites* would then pick them up, and put an under lock and key for Rarities. Come e'n leave them to their own Mother wit, that will teach 'em to ſhape their Horns according to their doors.

Earn. With all my heart: and what muſt we go to now?

Jeſt. Why I thought to have gone to telling of Winter Tales, *Once upon a time*, &c. or to *Croſs purpoſes*, or *King Lear*, or ſome ſuch pretty diverſion; but I think we had as good go to the old trade of *Queres*, it will not ſhow that we are given to change.

Earn. Come on your ways then. 1. Whether it be not better to ſleep in a whole ſkin, than to be dreſs't in *H. N*'s. new cut and ſlaſh point *de Venice*.

Jeſt. Whether it was not an eaſie miſtake of the Country Fellow, who coming into a Coffee-Houſe to read News, among other things, read a Bill for *uniting* Proteſtant Diſſenters, inſtead of *uniting*?

Earn. 3. Whether *Cogar* and his Accomplices, who died Martyrs, as they ſay, for the Solemn League and Covenant, were true Proteſtant Diſſenters?

Jeſt. 4. Whether the *Roman* Senate, when *Hanibal* was at the Gates, ſpent their time in playing at Push-pin?

Earn. 5. Whether the Anabaptiſt *Intelligencers*, and the Diſſenting *Proteſtant Mercuries* and Pamphleteers, who call All thoſe *Papiſts*, who exclaim againſt the late Rebellion, and the Horrid Murder of King *Charles* the First, the E. of *Strafford*, Archbiſhop *Laud*, and the late Barbarous Aſſaſſination of the Archbiſhop of St. *Andrews*, be not a Juſtification of thoſe infamous Villanies, and laying them at the doors of their dear Friends, whom they have Re-baptized for the only true *Proteſtants*, becauſe they ſpeak favourably of thoſe deteſtable actions?

Jeſt. 6. Whether Diſſenting *Proteſtants* are able to give one ſingle inſtance of their having obliged the Government for this 80 years, to put into the ſcale againſt all the trouble and miſchief which they have done it? And whether if they ſhould, after ſo much Grace turned into Wantonneſs, and ſo many favours abuſed, obtain a Toleration, it would not be more ſome perſons Goodneſs than their Deſert, and what ſecurity they will give that they will not abuſe their liberty, and again uſe it for a *Cloak of Maliciouſneſs*?

Earn. 7. Whether after all the art that is uſed to waſh their hands of the guilt and miſery of our late Civil Wars by *Proteſtant Diſſenters*; the gracious Act of Oblivion is not a demonſtration as well as plain confeſſion of the Guilt; and if they had not that at their backs, whether they would think their Lives and Fortunes ſo ſecure from the Law, or ſo much as their own diſpoſe, as to make ſo many Complements, and *at your Services* of them, as they have done of late?

Jeſt. 8. Whether Ingratitude be a Crime or a Virtue in *Proteſtant* Diſſenters, and Impenitence an infallible argument of a tender Conſcience?

Earn. 9. Whether if *Flanders* be loſt, and the Peace of *Europe* gone, it will lie at the Door of the Addreſſers againſt parting with their Money? And whether they who hold the Purſe-ſtrings ſo hard, and tie them with ſo many knots, are for building of *Pauls*, or pulling it down?

Jeſt. 10. Whether, if the Laws which we now have, and were made by the Wiſdom of the Nation in ſo many ſucceſſive Parliaments, were put in execution againſt *Papiſts* and *Phanatiques*, who by the Laws are both eſteemed Enemies to the Government, we ſhould not ſoon be at quiet?

Earn. 11. Whether a few indifferent things in Religion no where forbidden in Scripture, ſcrupled by Diſſenting *Proteſtants*, and Rebellion, Sedition and Diſobedience to Superiors, which are abſolutely prohibited, which they once made no ſcruple of, be not an argument that their Conſciences are of the ſame temper as to tenderneſs, as theirs who ſtrained at a Goat and ſwallowed a Camel?

Jeſt. 12. Whether they who ſtumble at a ſtraw, and leap over a blo[ck] are not like thoſe Beggars who halt before they are C[ri]ples; or like him, who begging for a penny, with his counterfeit wooden leg which he untied, while the charitable Gentleman was fumbling in his pocket, knockt him down and took his purſe?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Whereas ſeveral Quacks of Goatham Coll. *have of late ſet out Bills, pretending an infallible Cure for the Ague of the State, which by experience is found to indanger the putting their Patients into a Feavour, and the principal ingredient is the Jeſuits Powder of Toleration: Theſe are to give notice that there is a cheap Medicine to be had which will effectually do it; and for the Publick good, it is communicated in this time of Infection, and is as follows.*

Take of the Powder of Expetience *rightly prepared by Mr.* Wiſeman, *an Ounce; of true primitive* Chriſtian Obedience, Conſideration, Gratitude, Intereſt, Loyalty, *and* Allegiance, *of each half a pound; mingle them S. A. and take every Morning and Evening a Doſe of it. You cannot err in the quantity; and drink after it a glaſs of Pump Royal, and it will certainly preſerve health, or reſtore it. Its vertues are theſe, it cures Diſſineſs, and the Megrim, or the running Round in the Head, Cleanſes the Blood from any Contagion of Sedition or Rebellion, cures the Scurvy, ſweetens the Breath, comforts the Heart and the Head, makes a Man chearful, and live as much in ſeven years, as* Neſtor *did in three hundred.*

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